



# Iowa



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## Chapter 1 by Luna

The neighbor's car alarm goes off and my cat Inuyasha leaps off of my bed and onto the windowsill. I hop off of the bed so that I can comfort her. I couldn't sleep anyways.

My name is Iowa Marianne Blue and I suffer depression. It started when I was younger, around 13, 14 maybe. My parents had gotten divorced and a few weeks later, mom comes by my mess of a room and announces that

she sold the house. She had claimed that there were "too many memories of your father."

Dad was actually a great guy. During summer break, we would go out to the yellowed school field and play football. Tackle football, not the silly old flag football kids play. After playing for a while, we would to to Baskin-Robbins. I always got pralines and cream, my favorite, and he would get a scoop of chocolate on a waffle cone. Dad was the one who taught me how to ride a bike, to cross the street. Mom was the one who told me to never hang out with parents whose yearly income was less than \$100,000.

Inuyasha purrs as the car alarm goes silent. She claws at the flimsy plastic screen on my bedroom window.

I tuck a few strands of purple hair behind my ears and pick up my lean Siamese cat and set her on my bed. She lifts her hind leg and starts to lick where the sun doesn't shine. (I don't like to swear or say words like "tits or anus", but I will if I get mad. And it is hard to get me mad since I'm usually sad most of the time.)

Anyways, mom sold the house and we moved to New York to the heart of New York City. Now we live in a tiny little apartment on the house we used to live in.

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Inuyasha mewls.

I get back under the thin covers of my bed and snuggle with Inuyasha.

Yes, she is chatty like most Siamese cats are, but she reminds also has the temper of a Ragdoll. (I know a lot about animals. If you don't know what a Ragdoll is: Look. It. Up.)

I recall the time that she had kittens, about four years ago. She had three precious little bundles of joy and my thirteen year old self couldn't bring up the fact that we had to sell them on the sidewalk in front of our apartment to strangers with grimy hands. What did I get out of all of this?

1. Never let Inuyasha roam the streets on her own ever again so that I don't get traumatized as mom forces me to give away her kittens.

2. Seventy-five cents.

That's all I've got.

Besides, I doubt Inuyasha remembers that she had sex with a random male cat from the nearby alleyways. She would also come home smelling like garbage and pieces of gum in her thin hair.

Inuyasha is a puzzling cat. I think we adopted her from the shelter when I was nine, when she was just a few weeks old. The clinic said that she had been found in an abandoned car on the side of the highway. She was scrawny compared to the other cats. Mom said that she wanted a sphinx, one of those cats that look like a wrinkly handbag. Luckily for me, there weren't any available for adoption. Yes, they had that breed, but the kitten was too young to be put up for adoption. Besides, I was in love with Inuyasha at first sight. Mom hates Inuyasha. It's probably because she get what she wanted. Typical mom.

I pull the covers back just the tiniest bit so that I can get a glance at my alarm clock on my dresser. The red light shines brightly in the ominously dark room. it shows a bright 4:32 a.m. In about two hours, I would have to get up for the first day of school.

This summer had gone pretty well. I had a great time at the water park and I spent a bit of time at Coney Island (I didn't want to go there this summer, but she had insisted that I needed to go out more. I had to go.)

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I sat on a bench while she went on a lot of rides. She flirted with cute guys, while I ordered food for the both of us. I was doing most of the less social things.

Evie is a bright bubbly person. I have no idea what she sees in me that makes her want to be my friend. Maybe she was trying to be nice to the friendless, depressed freak of seventh grade.

I get back under the covers, and feel something pressing against my legs. Inuyasha had somehow managed to bury herself deep under the covers and practice some of her strange cat yoga. She is pretty flexible.

I go deeper under my covers and pull her away since she's near the edge of the bed. I don't want her to fall off the bed or suffocate under the thin flannel sheets that I use as covers. Mom doesn't spend a lot of money on me, mainly using the money for herself. Dad would spoil me every time I came over to his place in New Jersey.

Dad is probably the only one who understands that mom doesn't really give a damn about me or anyone. She won't simply hand me over to him to take care of me though. She had won me and the cat in court, leaving dad with nothing. He did get married eventually to a nice blonde chick named Ellie Lockheart.

Time seems to travel more quickly, because before I know it, my alarm goes off. I kick back my bed covers and see light starting to pour through my bedroom window.

I stand up and stretch, Inuyasha leaping out of bed to stand besides me.

Time to start another hellish day.

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